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THE SICK CHILD'S CRY ;

AND OTHER

HOUSEHOLD VERSES

ON

Health and Happiness.

London :

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HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

THE SICK CHILD'S CRY.

OPEN the window, mother,
I can't breathe in this stifling room ;
Open the window, mother,
And let out the weight and gloom !

There's a pressing at my heart,
There's a heaviness on my brain,
Open the window, mother,
And I shall not mind the pain !

God sends the blessèd air
From the blue and beautiful sky,
I long to feel it, mother,
On the low bed where I lie !

Oh ! it is very dreary
To be here through the night and day
I want to be patient, mother,
And I try to think and pray.

But I feel so dull and heavy,
I can hardly remember my prayer,
I know I could say it better
If I felt the outward air.

God sends it down from heaven—
Oh ! mother dear, kiss me now !
I feel it blow softly on me
Like balm upon my brow.

It seems like an angel breathing—
 Now, mother, I've said my prayer—
 I think I can sleep a little—
 Thank God for the blessèd air.

CLEANSING.

UNCLOSE the dark chamber,
 Where fever and death
 Have breath'd out infection
 With poisoning breath.

Let light and pure air in
 Thro' windows and door,
 Cleanse the walls and the ceiling
 As well as the floor.

Bring back to the dwelling
 That choicest of wealth,
 The purity, beauty,
 And blessing of health.

So cleanse the heart's chamber
 And keep it from ill;
 So chase the unholy wish,
 Conquer the will.

As the dawn of the sunshine
 Turns night into day,
 So the light of God's grace
 Chases evil away.

So the power of His Spirit
 With quickening breath,
 Brings health from corruption,
 And life out of death.

FRESH AIR.

Do you wish to be healthy?—

Then keep the house sweet ;

As soon as you're up

Shake each blanket and sheet.

Leave the beds to get fresh

On the close crowded floor ;

Let the wind sweep right through—

Open window and door.

The bad air will rush out

As the good air comes in,

Just as goodness is stronger

And better than sin.

Do this, it's soon done,

In the fresh morning air ;

It will lighten your labour

And lessen your care.

You are weary—no wonder,

There's weight and there's gloom

Hanging heavily round

In each over-full room.

Be sure all the trouble

Is profit and gain,

For there's head-ache and heart-ache,

And fever and pain

Hovering round, settling down

In the closeness and heat :

Let the wind sweep right through

Till the air's fresh and sweet,

And more cheerful you'll feel
Thro' the toil of the day ;
More refresh'd you'll awake
When the night's pass'd away.

TIDINESS.

THERE—now we've set the house to rights,
We've swept and wash'd it through,
And when we've rubb'd the old things up,
They'll almost look like new.

Come, Mary, help your mother—stay,
We'll do it all by rule,
And finish before father's home,
And brothers out of school.

How pleas'd they'll look, to find the tea
All set when they come in,
And you and I both sitting down,
Quite ready to begin.

Ah! sure they'll smile a pleasant smile,
And look me in the face,
And we shall all have happy hearts,
And mind to say our grace.

I know we never should forget—
But I'm in such a flurry
When father scolds, and brothers fret,
And all is hurry-scurry,

I can't do any thing aright ;
It makes my poor heart beat ;
I'm almost craz'd, I feel so ill,
And never care to eat.

But, Mary, we'll do better now—
 And hark ! the kettle's song,
 'Tis music while we tidy up
 And set things straight along.

The Parson told us Sunday last,
 That we should always try
 To do our daily work by rule,
 And gave the reason why ;

He said, God always works by rule,
 That order is His law ;
 And then he told such wondrous things,
 It fill'd my soul with awe ;

Of sun and moon, and nights and days,
 And things I never knew,
 Of heaven above, and earth beneath,
 And tides of ocean too ;

And how God's rule in mighty ways
 Should teach us every where,
 To do our work in time and place,
 And rule our house with care.

For what with God is order, law,
 Supreme and infinite ;
 With us poor sinning mortals here,
 Is just to *keep things right*.

I know I'm often out of rule,—
 'Tis hard to get along ;
 The right thing never comes to hand,
 And that makes work go wrong.

But now we've settled all in place,
 We'll try to keep it so :—
 You'll help poor mother, Mary dear,
 For mother's weak and slow.

THE SICK ROOM.

IN the sick room be calm,
Move gently and with care,
Lest any jar or sudden noise
Come sharply unaware.

You cannot tell the harm,
The mischief it may bring,
To wake the sick one suddenly,
Besides the suffering.

The broken sleep excites
Fresh pain, increas'd distress,
The quiet slumber undisturb'd
Soothes pain and restlessness.

Sleep is the gift of God :
Oh ! bear these words at heart,
“ He giveth His beloved sleep,”
And gently do thy part.

LIGHT.

CLOSE not the shutters
In the sick man's room :
Add not the darkness,
There's enough of gloom.

Sunshine should play around
And give him hope,
In the clos'd chamber
Thoughts like footsteps grope.

Darkness is given us
Through the quiet night,
But in the day-time
God has sent us light. •

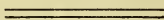
THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Light cheers, it purifies,
It chases gloom,
Tells us of things beyond
The dull sick room.

We seem more near to heaven,
When we can gaze
Through unclos'd windows
On the sun's clear rays.

We see the gathering clouds,
In threatening form,
By light made beautiful
Amidst the storm.

We think of One who is
Our "Light of life,"
Who gilds our very clouds
In storm and strife.



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

God gives you the most beautiful
And precious thing on earth,
The little child who clings to you
And owes you life and birth.

And will you cast aside the boon
Of God's own gracious giving,
And leave it wasting, as it were,
To take its chance of living?

Do you forget, besides the fair
And wond'rous little frame,
It has a soul—a living soul—
A soul that God will claim?

How will you answer to your God,
If through neglect it die?
In manhood's strength that little child
God's name might glorify.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

SEE the neglected child,
He drags himself along,
Staring with dull and listless gaze
At the quick bustling throng.

He has no aim in life,
No hope in his young heart,
No fellowship of mind and soul,
No feelings to impart.

He knows no mother's love
To kindle up the light
Of pleasure in his little face,
And make his dull eyes bright.

Sheer misery and dirt
Have made the young child old;
He has no sense of happiness,
His life is lone and cold.

He eats his hard dry crust,
Lies down on straw to sleep
Without a prayer, or kind good night—
And yet he does not weep.

His mother out all day,
Comes in to fret and scold;
His sister, older many a year,
Is sullen, and looks bold.

SOOTHING.

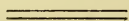
In the still night or dawn
His father stumbles in,
In drunken rage or low abuse,
From his dark haunts of sin.

The child is used to this—
He never hears God's name,
Except in oaths and blasphemy,
And yet he feels no shame.

He sometimes is afraid,
And hides himself away :
He does not know that God is good—
He has no thought to pray.

So days and nights pass on,
Yet life keeps strong within ;
For God is caring for the child,
In his drear home of sin.

Poor patient little one !
Love yet may warm thy heart ;
Hope yet may kindle in thine eye,
For still God's child thou art.



SOOTHING.

WHEN a little child is weak
From fever passing by,
Or wearied out with restlessness,
Don't scold him if he cry.

Tell him some pretty story—
Don't read it from a book ;
He likes to watch you while you speak
And take in every look.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

Or sometimes singing gently—
A little song may please,
With quiet and amusing words,
And tune that flows with ease.

Or if he is impatient,
Perhaps from time to time
A simple hymn may suit the best,
In short and easy rhyme.

The measur'd verses flowing
In accents clear and mild,
May blend into his troubled thoughts,
And soothe the little child.

But let the words be simple
And suited to his mind,
And loving, that his weary heart
A resting-place may find.

VACCINATION.

Margaret.

“Now what is all this fuss
About the vaccination?
For my part, I can't understand,
It's trouble and vexation.

“That new young doctor came
To vaccinate my baby,
To make a sore place in his arm—
The darling! kill him, may-be!

“I wish they'd mind themselves,
And leave poor folks alone;
They've no right to come preaching here,
The children are our own.”

Anne. “But, Marg’ret, sure you know,
Down yonder in the lane,
The small-pox that was there so bad,
Has broken out again.

“There’s widow Chandler’s child,
That pretty little creature,
You would not know her, she’s so
It’s alter’d every feature. [chang’d,

“And that poor woman Reid,
Has all her children down;
And this close weather it will spread
Like wild-fire thro’ the town.”

Marg. “Well, if it comes, it comes,
We’ve only to submit;
We have no choice, it’s all God’s will;
That’s what I think of it.”

Anne. “It is, yet it is not,”
The other meekly said;
“I wish I had the power to tell
What’s in my heart and head.
“There’s *sin* in this poor world,
And yet we do not say
‘We have no choice—it’s all God’s will’—
Do we not rather pray
“And strive to conquer sin
With God’s own help and might?
So with disease, the type of sin,
God helping, we may fight.
“The blessèd Lord on earth
Heal’d all the sick and ill,
Which seems to tell us that disease
Is not God’s wish and will.

- “ I can’t explain it more,
 But while I try to do
 What He has taught, and feel His grace
 Can strengthen and renew,
- “ I hope for this poor world—
 Things great and good work round,
 And by God’s guiding we may reach
 A higher, surer ground.
- “ They tell me in these days,
 The knowledge doctors gain
 Is wonderful, to save and heal,
 And soothe the sick in pain.
- “ And years back they found out,
 In some strange simple way,
 That vaccination was the means
 To keep small-pox away.
- “ I’ve heard, men used to live
 In horror and in fear
 Of this great pestilence, which came
 And rag’d on year by year.
- “ Thousands and thousands died,
 And others liv’d on blind,
 Deaf, maim’d, and scarr’d, or sick and
 From what it left behind. [weak,
- “ One foreign city where
 It rag’d, a law was made,
 All *must* be vaccinated there,
 And so the plague was stay’d.
- “ Not one of small-pox died
 For thirteen years, not one.
 It proves God’s blessing prosper’d it,
 It shews what can be done.”

Marg. “ All this sounds wonderful,
 You speak as if 'twas truth ;
 You've had a deal more learning, Anne,
 Than I had in my youth.

“ Poor mother used to say,
 ‘ I'll have no lancet-gashes,
 No cow-pox for the pretty dears,
 To give them sores and rashes.’ ”

Anne. “ But, Marg'ret, just remember,
 Your baby's head was bad
 Without the cow-pox, and just think
 How many a rash he's had!

“ It's *teething* brings all that ;
 And then when babies fret
 At meal-time, what improper food
 The little creatures get !

“ This, too, gives breakings-out,
 Which come on just the same
 With vaccination or without,
 Although it *gets the blame*.

“ But now your baby's well,
 Just fit to vaccinate,—
 'Tis always best to do it when
 They're in a healthy state.

“ And while the arm gets sore,
 Do keep him cool and quiet ;
 Don't let him rub or scratch the place,
 And give him cooling diet.

“ Look out,—see that poor child !
 You'd hardly know her face,
 She was so pretty and so fair ;
 It's little Mary Grace.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

- “ Oh ! it is worse than folly,
It seems to me a *sin*,
Now there are means to keep it out,
To let the small-pox in
- “ To seize upon our children,
And cover them with sores—
Let us all work together now,
To keep it out-of-doors,
- “ To drive it from the land :—
Let us have faith to use
The knowledge, which is God’s own gift.
O Marg’ret, don’t refuse!
- “ A sore place on the arm,
Which lasts for a few days,
A little feverish poorliness—
This fearful evil stays.
- “ You tell me it may fail ;
It does fail here or there,
But if we do our part in it,
If we take every care,
- “ Our conscience will be clear,
And we can leave the rest ;
Yes, we can say, ‘ God’s will be done,’
When we have done *our best*.”
-

CLEAN CLOTHES.

- Sally.* “ WELL, Martha, there you are
For ever rub, rub, rub ;
I never come in, but I find
The soap-suds and the tub.

“I can’t think, for my part,
How you afford to spend
So much in washing; there’s the fire,
Soap, trouble, and no end.

“The same work week by week,
’Twould wear my spirits out;
And then my husband wouldn’t bear
To be so put about.

“And when John comes to meals,
I guess he’s angry too,
To find the clean clothes steaming here;
I can’t think what you do.”

Martha. “Don’t fear, before he comes
’Twill all be clear’d away;
You may be sure I don’t lose time
Upon a washing day.

“And, Sally, you can’t think
What pleasure ’tis to see
The things turn’d out so white and clean,
Or you’d not pity me.”

Sally. “Well, pity’s not the word
To use for such as you,
For if you’ve not a happy heart,
Your face does not tell true.

“But now about this wash—
There’s such a talking now
Of scrubbing, washing, and clean clothes,
And all the *why* and *how*;

“And then there’s some new whim—
Clean clothes are good for health;
It’s very well for those who roll
In carriages and wealth,

“ And make their servants work,
And put their washing out;
They little know how poor folks live,
And how they’re put about.

“ I can’t wash every week,
I can’t have change at night;
I don’t say, when the men work hard,
But ’twould be nice and right.

“ But I’m not overstrong,
And living in a town,
No place for drying, I’m oblig’d
To keep my washing down.

“ And as for children’s dress,
Mine don’t wear prints; they sell
That woollen stuff, which costs the same,
And it does quite as well.

“ ’Twill make your young ones grow
Fantastical and fine,
The clean frocks that they always wear,
They’d better be like mine.”

Then Martha with kind eyes
Look’d up; her quiet smile
Had a sweet look of pleasantness,
Though earnest, too, the while—

Martha. “ Dear Sally, ’tis no whim—
Clean clothes *are* good for health,
And to be cleanly does not take
Much trouble or much wealth.

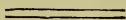
“ And what I spend in soap
I save in other ways;
I never car’d for showy dress,
You know, in my young days.

- “ And washing every week,
Or oftener if need be,
Keeps linen whiter, and the dirt
Comes out more easily.
- “ I can't bear dirty clothes,
So Monday is my day;
I get up very early then,
That I may clear away
- “ By dinner time, as now—
And, as I can, I dry;
The ironing is pleasant work;
Then it is all put by.
- “ John likes a change at night,
And it is better so
For health and comfort—he works hard—
It's decenter you know.
- “ I like my children too
To get these decent ways,
I do believe it stands by them
For good through all their days.
- “ I want my girls to feel
The *beauty* of clean clothes,
The *comfort* no one can deny—
And then I think it shews
- “ When we are clean without,
We should be clean within,
And shrink from what is foul at heart,
And dread the touch of sin.
- “ There's nothing gay or fine
So beautiful to me,
As what seems speaking to my soul
Of inward purity.

“ And then I always feel,
That clean clothes seem to tell
Of that pure blessèd world we seek,
Where saints and angels dwell.

“ Those Bible words we read
Of linen clean and white,
Type of the righteousness of saints
Before GOD’S throne of light !

“ Yes, Sally, such thoughts come
And cheer my heart the while
I’m standing at my washing tub--
It’s true, though you may smile.”



THE BABY.

IF baby holds his hands,
And asks by sounds and signs
For what you’re eating at your meals,
Tho’ mother’s heart inclines

To give him what he wants,
Remember, he can’t chew ;
And solid food is bad for him,
Tho’ very good for you.

When baby ought to eat,
He’ll have some teeth to bite :
And if he must have any food,
Be sure it’s soft and light.

And while his little teeth
Are making their way through
The tender gums, take special care,
For much depends on you.

'Twould make him very ill,
And feverish and oppress'd,
When cutting teeth, to let him have
What he could not digest.

Without that, we all know,
Poor baby may be ill;
But fed or nurs'd improperly,
He'd suffer much more still.

Don't give him sleeping draughts
To hurt his tender brain,
But keep him clean, and fresh, and cool,
To soothe the heat and pain.

Don't wrap his mouth too close
To shield him from the cold;
He wants to breathe the air like you,
Tho' but a few months old.

Poor baby, while he lies
So helpless on your arm;
Your heart yearns over him in love
To shelter him from harm.

He is a precious gift,
A treasure lent to you
To rear in health and strength, and train
To what is right and true.

Put false indulgence by
For what is *real* and kind,
To regulate and guard the health
Of body and of mind.

By love, restraining love,
By guidance firm and mild,
As GOD rules, let the mother try
To rule her little child.

COOKING.

Husband. “WHY, what’s this savoury smell?
It’s something very good;
But, wife, with all these mouths to fill,
Can we afford such food?”

Wife. “Well, John, I thought so too;
But, Mary, she’s been here
And tells me of such clever ways
To give you better cheer:
“She help’d me make up this,
Now sit down, husband, please;
It doesn’t cost a farthing more
Than all your bread and cheese.

“Mary looks fat and well,
And has such rosy cheeks;
You’d like to hear the manner too
In which her mistress speaks
“Of poor folks: how she tries
To give them good advice,
And teach them clever thrifty ways
To have things done up nice.

“She says when there’s a *fire*,
She cannot bear to see
It do *no work*—’tis wasting it
To have no cookery.

“The little fires we keep,
Do nicely for a stew,
And then she reckons food like this
Is better, John, for you.

“Good meat, in odds and ends,
The butchers sell off cheap;
They’d rather do it so, you see,
Because it might not keep.

- “ And vegetables too,
 Before they go away,
 The market folks are glad to sell
 At any price, they say.
- “ But see, O John ! do look
 Hasn't it turn'd out well ?
 And haven't you an appetite
 From the good savoury smell ?
- “ And puddings !—only think,
 Made out of ends of bread !—
 Well soak'd, tied in a cloth, and boil'd—
 It's quite good, Mary said.
- “ Now children, say your grace—
 And doesn't it seem nice
 Two puddings smoking on the board ?—
 The other is boil'd rice :
- “ So good for children too,
 They're made up just the same
 As those that Mary often makes :
 Oh ! I'm so glad she came !
- “ I feel so happy, John,
 I'm thinking now you'll feel
 Much better and more cheerful-like
 After a wholesome meal.
- “ For Mary's mistress says
 That men, with work like yours,
 Can't live so well on bread and cheese
 As labourers out-of-doors.
- “ They take strong exercise
 Which helps them to digest,—
 That's where the difference lies, you see,—
 I can't mind all the rest ;
- “ Except I'm to be sure
 To buy *no tainted meat*,
 And specially *not stale bad fish*,
 The *worst* thing we can eat.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

“ And I’m to go by rule,
To mind what I’m about,
And not have too much meat one time,
And then go days without.

“ And Mary is to come
And put me in the way
Of making other cookeries,
As she has done to-day.

“ She’s getting on so well,
Her mistress likes girls taught
To cook, and keep house cleverly,
And know where things are bought,

“ That they may make good wives ;
For if there’s better cheer
At home, the husbands won’t go out,
And won’t want so much beer.

“ Never too late to mend :
I’ll be a good wife yet,
And give you wholesome food to eat ;
See what a cook I’ll get ! ”

Husband. “ Ah ! Jane, it’s sad to think
What some poor men go through,
They’re almost driven out-of-doors,
It’s no excuse, it’s true.

“ Confusion all day long,
At meals no table spread,
And one child here, and one child there,
All snatching at the bread.

“ It’s never so with us,
Thank God ! and Jane, thank you ;
And yet I feel we might do more,
And what you say is true—

“ A dinner cook’d and hot
Has such a pleasant air,
’Twould give one better appetite
Without such savoury fare.

"I tire of bread and cheese,
And I'm quite sure of this,
A change of diet's wholesome too,
And never comes amiss.

"When I was ill last spring
The doctor told me so ;
But you'd enough to do just then
And so I let things go.

"Perhaps I may not have
A doctor's bill to pay,
If I have food I can digest ;—
We'll try it, any way.

"And there's another thing,
It gives a better tone
To all one's thoughts, and makes one feel
Contented with one's own.

"It makes the heart beat warm,
And thank God with good grace,
To sit down at a cheerful board
All happy, face to face.

"And those dear little ones
Will get in better train,
If you can keep up ways like this—
You are a good wife, Jane."

Wife.

"I hope this time next year
You'll say so with more truth :
I might have made a better wife
If I'd been taught in youth.

"I'm not so very old,
Quite young enough to learn ;
I taught dear Mary all I knew,
And she'll teach me in turn."

TIGHT LACING.

Mary. "DEAR mother! will you tell me why
You so dislike tight stays,
To make our figures neat and small,
Like cousin Lucy Blaise?"

"I saw her only yesterday,
Dress'd beautifully fine;
Her waist is only half the size
Of Catherine's and mine."

Mother. "Mary, (the mother gently said)
You know I'd gladly do,
Whatever you might ask of me,
If it was good for you.

"When you and Catherine were born,
God gave you to my care;
To train for Him with all my might,
Both mind and body fair.

"Now to agree that you should lace
Unnaturally tight,
Would be to injure your full growth;
I could not feel it right.

"'Tis bad enough to bind the feet,
As do the poor Chinese;
But those in England do much worse,
Who vital organs squeeze.

"For God has left an ample space,
In which the lungs may play;
The liver work, the busy heart
Beat on from day to day.

"Now, if you press the body round,
The soft bones soon give place,
And then the lungs can't freely breathe,
Nor the heart have full space;

“ And languid health and headaches come,
 Poor appetite, weak back ;
 And all because the girl dislikes,
 To let her clothes look slack.

“ Of course, if the whole frame is slight,
 The waist will be slight too ;
 But a small waist in one that's stout,
 Is most absurd to view.

“ You know that once I liv'd as nurse
 At Brackenbury Hall ;
 A noble place, with statues fine,
 And pictures great and small ;

“ There I have heard a deal of talk
 Among the gentlemen ;
 Artists and sculptors, folk that carve,
 And draw with brush and pen.

“ They said 'twas pitiful to see
 How women screw the waist ;
 'Twas disproportion'd, ugly too,
 Unwholesome and misplac'd.

“ My lovely little Lady Blanche,
 (I think I see her now,
 Her sweet eyes and her lovely face,
 All in a healthy glow) ;

“ One day the little fairy tried
 To tighten her gold clasp ;
 ‘ Fie ! ’ said her father, ‘ would you shape
 A woman like a wasp ! ’

“ And then her mother told to her,
 In her own clever way,
 What I have tried now to explain,
 And make you see to-day :

“ Now you know why I can't agree
 Your waist should be confin'd :
 Suppose, instead, you try to curb
 The wrong things in your mind,—

“Proud thoughts, high looks, and selfish ways,
 Words that give others pain ;
 These things we all should, by God’s help,
 Incessantly restrain !” C.

LITTLE TOMMY, OR THE BLOW.

“O NEIGHBOUR, I’m so frighten’d,
 Poor little Tommy’s hurt ;
 He came in where the clean clothes lay,
 All over mess and dirt.

“He would not mind me when I spoke,
 And toss’d the things about,
 Iron’d and folded as they were,
 And sorted to send out.

“And he was saucy when I spoke,
 And said what he ought not ;
 Unluckily a stick was near—
 You know my temper’s hot.

“I struck at him a sharp quick-blow,
 It chanc’d upon his head ;
 I can’t believe it while I speak,
 He fell down—like one dead.

“He’s better now, but do come in,
 I’m very sad at heart ;
 It seems to me *there’s something* wrong,
 More than the pain and smart.”

The child lay with a dreary look,
 And an unmeaning gaze ;
 The doctor came and did his best,
 But there he lay for days.

The blow has hurt the tender brain—
 Poor little naughty child !
 It was a punishment too sharp ;
 Try, mothers, to be mild.

LITTLE TOMMY, OR THE BLOW.

Not word and blow with thoughtless haste,
And then this bitter grief—
A malady that none can reach,
No doctors give relief.
And never strike a young child's head,
That tender part, the brain
Is slightly cover'd, and if hurt,
May never heal again.
Poor little Tommy! now he lies
A little idiot boy;
And no one knows what he may feel
Of suffering or of joy.
He meets his mother's anxious gaze
With calm unmeaning smile;
And little knows the agony
That wrings her heart the while.
Poor mother, in your patient love
You're never hasty now,
And tears and kisses shower down
Upon his fair young brow.

THE HOSPITAL, OR MARION.

Marion. "COME to me, Nurse, I'm dying!
Come to me, stay by *me!*
There's no one in this whole ward here
In such wild misery.
"I'm dying all from sin,
I've wasted health and strength,
'Twill soon be over; misery
Has done its work at length.
"Come to me, come up close,
I *must* speak, I can't stay—
What was it that the parson meant?
The words won't go away,

“ Yet I can’t understand ;
 He said our sinful ways
 Defile God’s temple, which was made
 For purity and praise.

“ He said our bodies were
 God’s temple—tell me how,
 Quick ! quick ! Nurse, for the time is short—
 It must, it must be *now*.”

Nurse. “ Well, dear, be calm and still
 God helping, I will try ;
 Put your poor trembling hand in mine,
 So, Marion, as you lie.

“ You know God made man first
 In His own image, pure,
 Holy and good and dutiful—
 This did not long endure.

“ Man had his choice to live
 By faith and love and trust,
 In doing right, and loving right,
 And being true and just ;

“ Or falling—leaving hold
 Of all the good and true ;
 And doing what the wicked one
 Just tempted him to do.”

Marion. “ Yes, it was so with me—
 Nurse, nurse, I *cannot tell*,
 But *I* left hold of all that’s good
 When *tempted*, and I fell.

“ I lost my trust in God,
 I lost it thro’ my sin ;
 And folly and all wickedness
 Work’d ruin here within.

“ My heart grew cold and dead,
 I fell from bad to worse ;
 I feel the horror on my soul,
 The punishment, the curse ! ”

THE HOSPITAL, OR MARION.

- Nurse.* “Hush, Marion, God in love
Still look’d from out the heaven,
And by His dear and blessèd Son,
Pardon and peace are given.
- “We are redeem’d from sin,
Bought back from death and hell
By the great ransom He has paid—
It’s more than words can tell.
- “You know how JESUS liv’d,
And shar’d our pain and grief,
That He might feel with us, and know
The way to give relief.
- “And He restor’d again
God’s image on man’s soul,
For in Himself our nature stood
Made perfect and made whole.
- “Our bodies too again,
By His renewing grace,
Were made God’s temples, cleans’d to be
His Spirit’s dwelling-place.
- “That’s what the parson meant,
When he said you defil’d
God’s temple—Do you understand
It better now, poor child?”
- Marion.* “Yes, Nurse, but then those words,
Those fearful words still ring
Like madness thro’ my heart and brain,
In all my suffering.
- “And ‘Him will God destroy’—
So there’s no hope for me;
I’m guilty of the sin he meant—
What will *destroying* be?
- “I have a dreadful fear,
It is not fear of pain;
But nothing can undo the past,
And make me pure again.”

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

Nurse.

“The Holy One” said nurse,
“Died on the cross for all;
His blood can cleanse you from your sin,
And raise you from your fall.

“Remember, one like you,
In those first Christian years,
Came trembling to His blessed feet
And wash’d them with her tears.

“I’ll read the story through,
It is so full of love;
And that kind Saviour, bear in mind,
Is the great GOD above.”

She heard it every word,
In the hush’d silence round,
Ear, heart, and soul, drank from the source
Where life and peace are found.

She took the healing in
Like Mary Magdalene,
And, settling on those wild bright eyes,
A holy calm was seen.

Time reckons not by years
In the great world above:
Our life is as a moment’s span
To Him whose name is love.

And moments were as years
While listening to GOD’s word:
Sin, shame, and death, roll’d back as clouds,
And she beheld her Lord!

She clasp’d the nurse’s hand
Till the voice ceas’d that read,
And then the clasp relax’d its hold,—
For she was dead—was dead.

Dead—if you call it death,
To be from sin set free!
Dead—if you call it death, to reach
The great eternity!



